your pilgrims, surely nowhere is such a vista of splendour as where the pilgrim palaces of the great lords of India jostle each other side by side. Or, was it on that Hindu night of nights, the Dewali festival, when the celebrated brass bazaar was lit up so brilliantly and every brass shop had all its best works of art piled up in front, making a shining, blazing display ?

How crowded the bazaar was, with such a busy festive throng, it seemed all a sea of white turbans, and yet not a sign of rowdiness or discord was there. As we passed along the narrow, brilliant street, between the high houses, with the brass and sweets and toys distracting at every step, and the Vishnu Temple showing through the portal its warm, bright interior, it seemed one of the Arabian Nights and a night of a lifetime. Or was it in the evening, as we rode slowly in our river barge up the stream towards the grand porticos of the Delhi Princes' Palace, which stood dark and solemn against the rosy sky, and

the halls
of the Maharaja of Benares opposite
were in a
golden mist, and all the other
mansions showed
soft grey and pinks, and yellows ?
And a
hush lay over the broad river which
only the
 sharp